

P O E M S

O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

By *ZACH. STEPHENS.* *h*

————— *Less dang'rous is th' Offence
To tire our Patience, than mislead our Sense.
Some Few in That, but Numbers err in This;
Ten censure wrong, for One who writes amiss.*

POPE.



Printed for the Author, M DCC XLII.

P O L E M S

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

The following is the Office
to which the Manuscript is
sent in 1790, but the Manuscript is
not yet received. For the Office
of the Secretary of the
Treasury.

46.
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Printed for the
M DCC LXXXII



THE
P R E F A C E.

TH O' the *Author* of the following POEMS (if that Name may be given to such rude, imperfect *Essays*) is but too conscious that his Want of Education and † Experience will immediately appear to *Some* of Those into whose Hands this Collection shall fall ; yet he chuses ingenuously to acknowledge his own Incapacity,

† *Most of these Verses were written when the Author was about Eighteen Years old.*

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because he imagines such a *Confession* is the *best Means* he can use to secure the *Favour* of his *Readers*. He hopes Those who are, by *Genius* and *Learning*, proper Judges of *Poetry*, will spare One who is already prepar'd to own every Fault they can point out: They can gain no Reputation by falling upon an *Author* below their Notice, whose *Defeat*, even by his *own Confession*, can afford them no Triumph.

BUT as for those *Redoubted Criticks*, those lashing Sons of B--NT--Y, who just endu'd with Common Sense, without Taste, without Education, set up for Judges in *Poetry*, let Them censure on, and damn every Line: My *Verses*, bad as they are, are as much
above

PREFACE. V

above *their* stupid Censure, as they are beneath the Notice of *true Criticks*: And as the Applause of these *Pretenders* can procure me no Fame, so their Disapprobation cannot rob me of any; if it has any Effect, it must be a *good one*; for others may be induc'd to *commend* merely because they *condemn*. Such is their Judgment, (see and admire it!) that were they to see a *Poem* own'd by me, tho' written by Mr. POPE *himself*, so nicely discerning are they, they would see a Thousand Faults in it, and exclaim against it with great Vehemence.

BUT at once to silence all *these*, I frankly acknowledge that *Want of Money*, not any Expectation of *Fame*, or Fondness for the Name
of

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of an *Author*, is the real and only Cause of my venturing to appear in *Print*. Those who have favour'd me with their *Subscriptions*, have an undoubted and indisputable Right to censure my *Verses*, as their great Imperfections shall deserve; nor have I Confidence enough to expect that they shou'd overlook, or excuse my manifold Faults. Their first Favour leaves me no Right to complain, tho' they should deny me the second; I will therefore throw myself wholly upon their Mercy, with a Resolution either to acquiesce in their just Censure, or to be highly thankful for the Continuation of *unmerited* Favour.

IN-

PREFACE. vii

INDEED, I have already given my *Subscribers* an Opportunity of shewing their Good-Nature, as I have in two Particulars deviated from the *Conditions* offer'd in my *Proposals*.---I have not printed their Names---And the *Books* have not been deliver'd at the Time *when* my Friends had a Right to have demanded them.

BUT I flatter myself that I may be excus'd for these Omissions, when I consider that They who have been so kind as to encourage me, cou'd not do it out of any Ambition of appearing at the Head of *such a Book as mine*.---This was certainly the least of their Thoughts---Their only View was to *befriend* the
the

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the *Author*, who therefore hopes they will also forgive his *Delay*, when he assures them that it has been of very great Service to him, in giving him Time to make a very considerable Addition to his *List of SUBSCRIBERS.*



E R R A T A.

PAGE 12, Line 19, for *New* read *Now*. P. 14, l. 12. for *Doom* r. *Dome*. P. 19, l. 7. for *Dangers* r. *Danger*. P. 28, l. 7. for *Lips* r. *Lip*.

A
SATIRE
ON
MARRIAGE.
IN AN
EPISTLE to a FRIEND.

Si Natura negat, facit Indignatio Versum. JUV.



Printed in the Year MDCCLXII.

PLATE 2

40

MARRIAGE

1998, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 26


RECEIVED

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1917-18-1918-19



A
SATIRE *on* MARRIAGE.
TO
PALEMON WOOING.

 F' thou, PALEMON, thou, my dearest Friend!
Should'st close thy Life with such a wretched
End,

What may we not expect, or fear to see?
What is impossible, if *This* can be?
Can'st thou be fond of Endless Care and Strife,
And in cool Blood resolve upon a *Wife*,
Estrang'd to Virtue, Manners, and good Sense,
Made up with Folly, and Impertinence;
As if untaught the Lewdness of the Sex,
And unacquainted with their jilting Tricks?
Chuse rankest Poison, or the sharpest Knife,
Chuse any Torment, but the worst—a WIFE.
Art thou intent on Ruin, prithee chuse
Another Halter, not the *Marriage Noose*.

What can'st thou think ? May'st thou not justly dread
 Thy meanest Servant, Rival of thy Bed ?
 Thy just Embrace the haughty Dame may scorn,
 And yet a *Footman* often *serve the Turn*.
 Say all we can, we cannot say too much,
 Such are the Women, and their Vices such.
 Whene'er their monstrous Leacheries abate,
 Pride and Ambition fill the vacant Seat.
 What is a Wife but a continual Woe,
 A constant Ill, a never-failing Foe ?
 What all the Sex, but of Mankind the Curse ?
 So great a Plague, Heav'n can't inflict a worse !

Listen, my Friend, whilst Truth most strange I tell,
 Of *C—lt—m's* LAIRS, and observe it well ;
 Mark well her Life, but one continued Scene
 Of various Lusts, and Vices most profane.
 Each black Offence, pernicious to the Soul,
 In her, alternate, reigns without Controul ;
 New Lust superior bears tyrannick Sway,
 Nor meets with ought that can obstruct its Way ;
 Triumphs o'er Fear, and tramples on her Pride,
 Reveals those Secrets that she fain wou'd hide :
 Custom, nor Shame her furious Lust can bind ;
 She'll ask the Man to whom she has a Mind :
 With artful Words she brings him to her Lure,
 And now exulting thinks her Joys secure.
 In wanton Revels all the Day they spend,
 Nor with the Day-light do their Revels end ;

Th'

Th' insatiate W—— detains him all the Night,
 And sees, with Sorrow, the returning Light.
 Yet this is she, who does the Church frequent,
 Observes the Festivals, and fasts at *Lent*,
 Kneels at the Altar to receive the Bread,
 And drinks Damnation without Fear or Dread.
 Deceitful and Deceiv'd! think'st thou that He
 Cannot discern thy vile Hypocrisy,
 Whose piercing Eye sees thro' Immensity?
 O LAIS! this unerring Truth believe,
 Tho' Man thou may'st, HIM thou can'st not deceive.
 Tremble, O Wretch, at thy approaching Fate,
 And live regardful of a future State.
 The bad Man's wracking Anguish none can tell;
 And Happiness results from doing well:
 Short are the Joys that from Coition spring;
 But fierce and lasting is th' appendant Sting.

But oh! I fear I spend my Breath in vain;
 There are no Hopes thou ever wilt reclaim:
 Who's once a Whore, will always be the same.

When good Men *Whitefield's* Conduct shall esteem,
 And Knaves his Vice-promoting Tenets blame;
 When the black *Æthiop* Whiteness shall assume,
 Lillies and Roses in *December* bloom,
 Thou, LAIS, then, shalt Virtue's Path pursue,
 Repent, abandon Vice, and live a-new.

Who

Who can 'gainst stingy CLODIA hold his Spleen,
 Who from her Youth hath avaritious been,
 Hoarding up Gold to Fifty, from Fifteen ?
 Pleasure, or Ease, the Wretch can ne'er enjoy,
 Care always and Anxiety annoy :
 He's richer, with Content, howe'er so poor,
 Than one with Thousands that still covets more.
 Thro' CLODIA's House no Chearfulness appears ;
 But a sad Visage each Domestick wears.
 Unhappy Vagabonds, who know no Home,
 Wretches who starving for Assistance roam,
 With Curses leave th' inhospitable Doom.
 If in the Marriage State I waste my Life,
 O may I 'scape the *parsimonious* WIFE !
 Too nice my Stomach, to feed all the Year
 On powder'd Beef, coarse Bread, skimm'd Cheese, and
 damn'd Small-Beer.
 The Best I cou'd afford to drink and eat,
 Myself shou'd cherish, and my Friend shou'd treat ;
 And if free Heav'n superfluous Wealth shou'd grant,
 Grateful to Heav'n, I'd give to those that want.
 To me how dismal is (a) LYSANDER's Fate !
 Much worse than BELLMOUR's seems his abject State,
 Whose Spendthrift Wife, with Visiting and Treat,
 In six short Years consum'd his large Estate.
 In vain Extravagance LYSANDER fled,
 Since with a niggard WIFE he's sadly sped ;

(a) CLODIA's Husband.

Of two great Ills the Fool has chose the worst :

(a) CLELIA he shun'd, but is with CLODIA curs'd,

So on *Sicilian* Seas when Pilots steer,
Charybdis' threatning Gulph they view with Fear;
 To 'scape the Danger strongly they assay;
 But too unskilful miss the middle Way:
 'Gainst adverse *Scylla* they impetuous run,
 And meet worse Ruin than they strove to shun.

(b) Fair FLORA next shall feel the pointed Lays,
 FLORA! whose Person only merits Praise.
 Her Form so lovely, so divinely fair,
 I gaze on her, and guess what Angels are;
 Fit Habitation for a noble Mind:
 But seek the Guest, and, ah! you'll *Folly* find.
 Conscious of Beauty, and with Praises vain,
 Her greatest Pleasure is to give you Pain;
 Full half the Day t'excel in Dress she'll strive,
 Proud to be thought the prettiest Thing alive.
 In all her Charms the killing Fair's array'd,
 Her snowy Breast mischievously display'd;
 Nor strives in vain the artful Nymph t'excel,
 Th' admiring Sparks proclaim the finish'd *Belle*.

Long (c) DAMON with Success this VENUS woo'd,
 His frequent Visits FLORA ne'er thought rude;

(a) BELLMOUR's Wife. (b) Miss K—Y N—s. (c) Mr.
 E—O P—s.

When

When on the Walks an idle Hour she spends,
 Affiduous DAMON on the Walks attends.
 When to the Church the gaudy Thing repairs,
 DAMON devoutly follows her to Pray'rs.
 If FLORA's sick, soft DAMON, by her Bed,
 Groans as she groans, and pitying shakes his Head.
 As once he fondly on her swelling Breast
 Reclin'd his Head, she thus her Love exprest :
 " If e'er, *she cry'd*, if e'er I thee forsake,
 " And to my Arms thy hated Rival take,
 " May all the Charms, which oft' you've said are mine,
 " Be lost ; and may I wither in my Prime ;
 " May each fine Feature, ev'ry charming Grace
 " Be seen no longer in thy FLORA's Face :
 " Loath'd be the Form, that oft' has rais'd Desire ;
 " Despis'd be She whom all were wont t'admire ;
 " Long may I wretched live, unpitied go
 " 'Mongst perjur'd Lovers to the Shades below ! "
 Yet DAMON, hapless Swain ! is jilted now,
 For she regardless of her solemn Vow,
 Ungrateful to his constant Love and Truth,
 Receives th' Addresses of a richer Youth.
 While the sad Lover by his Mistress crost,
 To all the Pleasures of the World is lost ;
 Nor Friend, nor Bottle can afford him Ease,
 By her deserted, who alone can please.
 In Woman who'd confide, when nought can bind
 To Constancy, the fickle treach'rous Kind ?

Sooner

Sooner I'd trust the Ocean in a Storm,
 When raging Winds the spacious Deep deform;
 Sooner for Safety leave th' undangerous Way,
 And thro' *Arabia's* deathful Desarts stray.

Nor thou, (a) ELIZA, shalt escape the Song?
 Nor in the Satire shalt thou suffer Wrong.
 Can I deny a lovely outward Grace,
 That all admire, conspicuous in thy Face?
 But can I not discern that tow'ring Thought,
 Which only makes thee not exempt from Fault?
 Cou'd I but level with an even Hand,
 And dart my SATIRE with a just Command,
 How wou'd I maul the Turrets of thy Pride,
 And make thee lay that haughty Soul aside?
 But lest, unskill'd in such an Enterprize,
 I dash thy Merit, aiming at thy Vice,
 I'll leave thee, Charmer, to th' admiring Croud;
 I'll leave thee thus; and only say, Thou'rt *proud*.

Thou, (b) ANGELINA, rise above the rest;
 Ev'n Envy owns thee faultless as the best.
 Thy modest Aspect, fair One, seems to chide
 LAIS' Debauchery, and ELIZA's Pride;
 Whilst Beauty's, and fair Virtue's Charms combine
 To make thy spotless Fame unrival'd shine.

(a) Miss B—TT—x P—.

(c) Miss P—x P—.

Thy genuine Blushes, like the rosy Morn,
 With ample Grace thy Modesty adorn :
 Thou, only thou, art free from all the Crimes,
 That stain the Women of these impious Times.
 Wer't thou with such a Mate, PALEMEN, blest,
 (A Stranger to her Sexes Pride and Lust)
 Thy happy Choice I would congratulate,
 Nor curse thy Stars, tho' Marriage were thy Fate.

But she I most detest is yet unnam'd,
 The Book-learn'd Miss for *French* and *Latin* fam'd ;
 Than all the Follies I have lash'd before,
 (a) PLATONIA's Pedantry provokes me more.
Latin and *French* serve to express her Anger,
 Her Joy, her Sorrow, or impending Danger.
 Think thou, my Friend, how cou'd a Husband bear
 Her learned Noise still jarring in his Ear ;
 D——n her, he'd cry, (with Indignation fir'd)
 She talks, and rails, and scolds——to be admir'd.
 If Wedlock be my Doom, sweet JUNO grant
 A WIFE untaught the *French* and *Roman* Cant :
 The rankest Whore in Town I'd rather wed,
 Than take the Pedant Brawler to my Bed ;
 For the wild Stuff, that in an endless Strain
 Flows from the Chaos of PLATONIA's Brain,
 Were quite enough my Hatred to inflame,
 And make me sicken at a *Woman's* Name.

(a) Miss B——.

And

And now, PALEMON, that thou may'st avoid
 Th' insulting Tyranny of FEMALE Pride,
 Their Vanity, Revenge, their Avarice,
 Their Lust, Extravagance, their ev'ry Vice,
 This I have told, and, if PALEMON ask,
 More could relate, tho' irksome were the Task.

Think then, my Friend, and threat'ning Dangers
 shun,
 The greatest Hazard you in Courtship run ;
 Wedlock's a Lottery, from which arise
 Ten thousand Blanks without a single Prize.
 Hope not a virtuous Wife thy Chance will be ;
 AN ANGELINA is a Prodigy :
 Th' *Arabian Phœnix*, Friend, upon my Word,
 “ (a) Or the *black Swan* is not so rare a Bird.”

Then do not Ruin court, and with a WIFE
 Espouse those Ills that taint the Sweets of Life.
 O my PALEMON, best and dearest Friend,
 May thy calm Life know no such stormy End !
 With ev'ry Hour may all thy Joys increase,
 Long blest with Freedom may'st thou die in Peace !

But if my kind Concern has no Effect,
 And thou my friendly Counsel dost neglect ;

If pleas'd with Slav'ry, and in Love with Pain,
 Thou barter'st Freedom for the galling Chain ;
 Worse thy Condition is, more toilsome far,
 Than sweating Slaves, who draw their Tyrants Car :
 Beyond Redress thou art ; nor can I more
 Than blame thy Folly, and thy Fate deplore.





EPIGRAM.

*Written Extempore upon reading * Verses intitled,
An Answer to a Satire on Marriage.*

CUFORD, thou hast perform'd exceeding ill :
If in your Drawings the same Want of Skill
As in your hobbling Verses you expose,
This Truth, my Poet, freely I'll disclose ;
TITIAN's fine Stroke, or RAPHAEL's charming Air
In thy vile Pictures never will appear :
AN—DR—s deceiv'd ! wou'd own, that to his Cost,
His *bungling* Limner scarce cou'd *daub* a Post.

* Written by one Monsieur *Cuford*, a French Painter, who at that Time was employ'd by Mr. *And—s* of *Cheltenham*, and maintain'd by him.

EPIGRAM.

A CHILLES fam'd in Arms old HOMER sung :
For Rome's great Father VIRGIL's Lyre was
strung.
The Heroes Deeds immortal Fame rewards :
Equal Renown attends the noble Bards.
O wou'd but POPE his Name-sake's Acts rehearse,
In charming Strains peculiar to his Verse,

Who

Who but must own, and not without Delight,
None writes like POPE, and none like POPE can fight.
ANCHISES' Son, and the stout Greek Commander
Shou'd yield to TOM, the Bards to ALEXANDER.

IN EUNDEM.

*Fama potens eadem POPUS commendit utrosque ;
Hic Musa vincit, vincit & ille Manu.*

*Written Extempore upon the Wall while under
Confinement.*

WHEN Fortune smiles, grateful her Smiles I'll
prize,
And when she frowns, her Frowns I can despise.
If to myself my Conscience me shall clear,
My peaceful Breast shall know no tort'ring Fear :
Whilst in my Prison I securely sleep,
Me from all Danger Innocence shall keep.

On the Death of a Gentlewoman in Gloucestershire.

HER usual Strains the mournful Muse denies,
Changing her am'rous Songs to Elegies ;
No more we sing of FLORA's Charms, no more
Of bleating Flocks, and DAMON's blest Amour.
Hence trifling Themes, those happy Times are fled ;
Attend ye Sacred Nine !——BENIGNA's dead ; —

She

She who so well perform'd each Scene in Life,
 A modest Virgin, and a virtuous Wife,
 Who taught her Offspring Virtue's Paths to take,
 That they with her might endless Bliss partake;
 Who to the Friendless always was a Friend,
 And to the Needy did kind Succour lend,
 Witness the Sorrows that her Death attend;
 BENIGNA, whom nor Physick's Aid cou'd save,
 Nor Virtue rescue from th' insatiate Grave;
 Of Boys and Girls a num'rous lovely Train
 Lift up their Hands to Heav'n, and weep in vain:
 Th' afflicted Sire in vain with suppliant Knee
 Invokes the unrelenting Deity.
 But She, with Fortitude from Heav'n possest,
 Thinks on her *Exit* with untroubled Breast:
 With even Mind surveys each weeping Friend,
 And pants and wishes for her destin'd End.
 Lo she expires!——The Angels from on high,
 Tuning their Harps, invite her to the Sky:
 She mounts Triumphant to the Realms of Light,
 And all this Globe she saddens with her Flight,
 Too soon the harsh Decrees of Fate require
 The pious Dame to join the Heav'nly Choir;
 Yet falls she not a common Prey to Death,
 Her Fame for ever shall survive her Breath.

ÆNIG.

Æ N I G M A.

*Written just after WAR was proclaim'd against
S P A I N.*

FROM Creatures furious as the savage Boar,
From Rabbits, Hares, from Sheep, and many
more,

From Dregs of Wine, from Water, Fire, and Oil,
From Time, and from the Workman's mystick Toil,
My Being, and my various Forms I take,

And now a noble, now an abject Fate :

White as the driven Snow I oft' appear,

More frequently a different Colour wear.

The Hands of fine-dress'd Fops I sometimes grace,

But wise Men find for me a better Place,

Plain as a Pikestaff commonly I go,

With Gold and Silver sometimes make a Shew.

Sometimes, bedeck'd extremely gay and odd,

High o'er my Head the painted Feathers nod ;

Oft' o'er the gaudy Fair sublime I rise,

And like a Pyramid salute the Skies.

In me at Church Old Women often pray ;

The Heir's feign'd Grief at Fun'ral I display.

When *England* was oppress'd with Civil Wars,

I mark'd the *Roundheads* from the *Cavaliers*.

To foreign Parts if *Britons* cross the Main,

Their Native Lands I annually proclaim,

E're

E're Farmers twice their ripen'd Fields shall mow,
 Or twice the Trees with Vernal Beauty blow,
 VERNON's Designs shall with Success be crown'd,
 Brave HADDOCK thro' all *Europe* be renown'd;
Spain, tho' insulting, be too feeble found,
 And I with *British* Lawrels shall be bound.

EPIGRAM *on a certain Emphyrick and Poetaster.*

Translated from the Latin.

MEDICINES in vain you on your Friend bestow,
 Satires as vainly write against your Foe:
 Your Drugs have Pain increas'd, but ne'er gave Ease,
 And W—ST—N's Satires cannot fail to please;
 If therefore you wou'd have your wish'd-for Ends,
 Physick your Foes, and satyrize your Friends.



Æ N I G M A. By T. W.

THERE is a Thing the Vulgar often see,
 Treat, and converse with most familiarly;
 But Kings and Princes very seldom meet it,
 Yet when they do, with most Respect they treat it :
 The haughty SULTAN, and the *Gallick* King,
 Deny the World can shew 'em such a Thing ;
 And GOD who all Things sees, this cannot see ;
 To say he can, or does, is Blasphemy.

A N S W E R' D.

WHEN common Men their Friends and Equals
 meet,
 With unforc'd Frankness they each other greet :
 Free from the Courtly Stile, their Words impart,
 In plainest Phrase, the Dictates of the Heart.
 Not so, when mighty Kings and Princes meet,
 With distant Bows, and all the Farce of State :
 Elate with Pride of Arbitrary Sway,
 The haughty Monarch whom the *Turks* obey,
 And *Gallia's* King, in all Earth's spacious Round,
 Boast that their Equals are not to be found.
 GOD has no EQUAL ; and, 'tis plain to me,
 What is not to be seen, GOD cannot see,



A PASTORAL ESSAY.

*The SCENE a pleasant GROTTO on a Hill,
with ROCKS below.*

THYRSIS, DAMON, AMARYLLIS.

THYRSIS.

NOW hoary *Winter* has resign'd its Reign,
And Vernal Warmth invites us to the Plain ;
The Fields, and Meadows a new Livery wear,
And clad in all their Gaieties appear ;
Yet, AMARYLLIS, were it not for thee,
Summer itself wou'd *Winter* seem to me !

DAMON.

The Poplar now renews its grateful Shade,
Daifies, and Cowslips, spring in ev'ry Mead ;
The Hedges now are drest with charming Green,
And op'ning Buds on ev'ry Tree are seen ;
Yet nothing can I find, in Vale, or Hill,
So sweet, so charming as my AMARYLL.

AMARYLLIS.

Shepherds, forbear to tempt a Virgin's Heart,
In vain you flatter with your soothing Art :

D 2

Rise,

Rife, Swains, for Shame; this is no Time for Love,
 The bleating Flocks, without Attendance, rove;
 While we are loit'ring in this pleasant Grot,
 The Ewes, and tender Lambkins are forgot.

DAMON.

Cease, lovely Nymph, and let thy DAMON's Kiss
 Prevent the Words, that would prevent his Bliss;
 The sweetest Honey dwells upon thy Lips,
 Ten Thousand Charms you there untasted keep:
 Not half so fragrant is the blooming Rose,
 Or ought that in yon flow'ry Meadow grows.

THYRSIS.

Shepherd, no more. Tho' AMARYLL outvie
 Lillies and Violets in Fragrancy;
 Tho' Charms unnumber'd in her Person meet,
 Sweeter than ev'ry Thing besides that's sweet,
 Yet DAMON is not to enjoy those Charms;
 Say, Nymph, shall DAMON e'er be blest within thy
 Arms?

AMARYLLIS.

DAMON is comely; so is THYRSIS too:
 THYRSIS sings well, and, DAMON, so do you:
 Both happy Swains; but, as I said before,
 This is no Time for Love; then charm no more.
 Tho' THYRSIS self now talk to me of Love,
 Yet THYRSIS' Courtship now I can't approve.

DAMON.

What THYRSIS self! Then THYRSIS is the Swain,
Whose Pipe has won the Glory of the Plain;
Thrice happy THYRSIS! Thrice unhappy me!
Unhappy long as THYRSIS happy be!——
Frowns AMARYLL? some other Nymph I'll find,
Less fair than AMARYLL, but much more kind.

[Exit DAMON.]

THYRSIS.

Go, DAMON, go—They surely happiest are,
Blest with the Nymph the kindest and most fair,
More charming than the gentle Vernal Breeze,
That cools the Plains, and whispers thro' the Trees;
More charming than the purling clear-stream'd Brook,
Sweet AMARYLLIS, is thy smiling Look.

AMARYLLIS.

Swain, thou art tempting; but it is not well,
A Virgin's Heart thus artfully to steal.
Fie, THYRSIS, fie. What would the Shepherds guess,
Shou'd they behold us in this lonely Place?
Tend now thy Flocks: The Day is almost gone;
The Shades of Ev'ning will be here anon.

THYRSIS.

Coy Maid! behold yon shady thick-set Grove,
And all Things round us now conspire to Love.

Not

Not so the Herds the Lions Fury fear,
 Not so Lambs tremble when the Wolf is near;
 Not so the Rocks I dread when I look down,
 As now I fear my AMARYLLIS' Frown.

AMARYLLIS.

No more, sweet Shepherd: I am quite subdu'd.—
 I am not——Ah!——you shou'd not be so rude.

THYRSIS.

Hush! hush! Here on thy Bosom let me lie,
 And, when my Fate be near, here let me die.
 On Thee these Charms had been bestow'd in vain,
 Didst thou not yield to bless some loving Swain.
 Here, while we revel in this pleasant Grot,
 Be Ewes, and Lambs, and all but LOVE forgot.





To a YOUNG LADY,

*On her Arrival at CHELTENHAM at the Beginning
of Winter.*

HAIL charming Nymph ! Hail you who are
The fairest of the *British* Fair !
You in whose heav'nly Person meet
All that is lovely, soft, and sweet !

Long did we your Absence mourn,
And wish, impatient, your Return ;
Off' did we curse th' unhappy Day,
That bore such Loveliness away.

For where you are not, Pleasures cease,
And Horror fills the darkned Place ;
Nought but Anxiety is found,
And Melancholy reigns around ;
Wit and Mirth are at a Stand,
And Clouds of Dulness shade the Land.

But Sprightliness, and Gaiety,
And Love's whole Train return with Thee :

No

No longer now we waste away,
 In sad Complaints, the tedious Day;
 But as you smile, around we spy
 Alacrity in ev'ry Eye;
 You all gloomy Thoughts dispel,
 And bring a Cure for ev'ry Ill.

Tho' hoary *Winter* has began
 Her tedious, melancholly Reign,
 We know no Cold, no Winter here,
 While you, bright *FLORA*, shine so near;
 Your Charms inflame the coldest Heart,
 And grateful Heat to all impart.

But when (to us a dreaded Time!)
 You brighten any other Clime,
 'Tis then, alas! and then alone,
 That we, like *GREENLAND* Men bemoan
 The tedious Absence of our Sun.

You to coldest Climates bring
 A grateful, ever-blooming Spring;
 If pinching Frosts prevent the Bud,
 The Bloom is by thy Smile renew'd.
 Where'er your radiant Eyes dispense,
 In gentle Rays, their Influence,
 Th' enliven'd Plants will faster grow;
 The Flow'rs with added Beauty blow.

Ah never ! never may we see
The Day we shall be robb'd of Thee !
That Form divne, that Angel's Face,
That charming, soft, and winning Grace,
When absent, who can but desire ?
When present, who can but admire ?

Behold the curling Rings of Hair,
Nicely dispos'd with artful Care !
The Forehead, and the sparkling Eye,
Iv'ry, and Diamonds outvie :
Upon the dimpled Cheeks unite
The *Rose's* Red, and *Lilly's* White ;
The well-turn'd Chin, and Coral Lip,
Ten Thousand Charms in Ambush keep ;
Then (Gods !) the snowy panting Breast,
That seems to languish to be prest,
Surpasses all.—To say no more,
FLORA a VENUS is all o'er.





Imitation of HORACE, Ode xxvi. Lib. I.

*Musis amicus, tristitiam & metus
Tradam protervis, &c.*

By a FRIEND.

I.

ALL gloomy Thoughts, and pining Care,
I'll banish from my Breast,
Nor ought I'll mourn, nor ought I'll fear,
While by the Muses blest :
Whate'er intrudes upon my Ease,
Transport, ye Winds, to farthest Seas!

II.

Regardless of what GEORGE may dread
From SPAIN's tremendous Pow'r,
Secure of all, thy gracious Aid,
PIMPLEA, I implore ;
Thou Lover of the Silver Stream,
My LÆLIUS crown with deathless Fame.

III.

No Art attends my feeble Lays,
Unless when *Thou* inspire :
O then, to sound his endless Praise,
Strike *Thou* th' immortal Lyre ;
Thou GODDESS, *Thou*, and all the Nine,
In sacred Harmony combine.

EPI-



SONGS, EPIGRAMS, &c.

Written at OXON.

S O N G.

I.

ONE Sunday Morn, in chearful *May*,
 When all was clad in best Array,
 Young CÆLIA tripp'd the Garden, gay
 With Robes of various Dye ;
 The choicest *Flow'rs* the *Virgin* chose,
 The *Lilly* pale, the blushing *Rose*,
 With all that most delight the *Nose*,
 Or tempt the wand'ring Eye.

II.

In artful Rank when each was plac'd,
 She fix'd the *Fav'rites* on her Breast.
 O happy, happy *Flow'rs* possesst
 Of such a charming Seat !
 But *They* with Envy view the *Fair*,
 And (vain Attempt!) presumptuous dare
 With CÆLIA's Beauties to compare,
 And rival Charms so great.

The

III.

The *Rose* displays its Purple Dyes,
 Ten Thousand Sweets at once surprize!
 Ungrateful Sight to CÆLIA's Eyes,
 Her Cheeks a *Blush* disclose!
 So much the glowing *Blush* became,
 Superior Sweets so grac'd the *Dame*,
 The *Rose* sunk down its Head for Shame,
 And durst no more oppose.

IV.

The *Lilly* next resists the *Maid*,
 In Robes of purest White array'd;
 It's Beauties gracefully display'd,
 Her finest Charms defy'd,
 The Blood forsook the *Fair One's* Face,
 A deadly *Paleness* took its Place,
 But *Paleness*, join'd with such a Grace,
 As check'd the *Lillies* Pride.

V.

The *Flow'rs*, thus foil'd in *single* Fight,
 Their Force with utmost Speed unite;
 With lavish'd Odours all invite,
 And scent the neighb'ring Air.
 She sighs! — Such balmy Breezes fly,
 Such fragrant Sweets perfume the Sky,
 The *Flow'rs* drop down their Heads and die,
 Oppress'd with deep Despair.



SONG.

I.

A Thousand Charms if LESBIA boast,
 As many Torments I sustain;
 Sure Nature's Purpose here is crost,
 If Nature e'er did ought in vain.

II.

Of Passion why so large *my* Share,
 Without an equal Art to move?
 Why was *She* made so tempting fair,
 And yet so great a Foe to *Love*?

III.

In those dear Arms O! let me rest,
 A while that lovely Bosom join!
 Then shall I *warm* that snowy Breast,
 Or *cool* this glowing Heart of mine.





E P I G R A M.

LOLLIVS, with Head bent-back, and close-shut
Eyes,
All Service-Time devoutly snoring lies.
In *Fies!* the Neighbours their Abhorrence shew,
And wonder LOLLIVS breaks the *Sabbath* so.
But I think LOLLIVS keeps the *Sabbath* best;
For why: He makes it still a *Day of Rest*.

A N O T H E R.

IF you those *Epigrams* commend,
That with a Turn unlook'd-for end,
You this a *Tip-top one* must call,
Because it ends with——*none at all*.

*The K****s of E*****d.*

PRAY why of late do E*****d's K****s
No *Jesters* in their C****s admit?
They're grown such stately solemn Things,
To bear a Joke They think't not fit.
But tho' each C****t a *Jester* lacks,
To laugh at M*****hs to their Face;
Yet all Mankind, behind their Backs,
Supply the *Honest Jester's* Place.

*The xxviith ODE of the First Book of
HORACE Imitated.*

Pugnare Thracum, &c.

I.

SIT down, 'tis a Scandal for *Christians* to fight;
See how the *Wine* blushes, ashamed at the Sight.
Let's lay down our *Logick*, and drink in our Turns;
That TRUTH is in WINE, the * *Proverb* affirms.

II.

Is mine the first Bumper?—Then, DAMON, your
Toast;
Say, what pretty Charmer thy Soul has engrossed:
What a Deuce! do you scruple? Unless you declare,
I'll not touch a Drop on't, by BACCHUS I swear,

III.

Haste——Gods! Is it She! the *damnable Queen*!
As cruel a Tyrant as ever was seen:
What Magick shall loose thee? Alas! thou must hope
No Freedom from *Chains* 'till releas'd by a *Rope*.

* *In Vino Veritas.*

From

From ANACREON. Ode the xxth Imitated.

On GOLD.

I.

IF GOLD cou'd give us Ease in Pain,
Or make our Life a Moment more,
Then, then, I'd use all Means to gain
And hoard vast Heaps of *shining Oar*,
That when *Death* bent the fatal Bow,
A Bribe might screen me from the Blow.

II.

Since Riches to our narrow Span
One single *Hair's-Breadth* cannot give,
Then why, deluded, wretched Man!
In Cares and Troubles dost thou live?
If 'tis our *Doom*, if die we *must*,
Then shining GOLD is uselefs Dust.

III.

Let it, dear FORTUNE, be my Lot,
Accompany'd with Friends around,
To tofs, to turn the *Jovial Pot*,
With sparkling Liquor richly crown'd;
To *toast* the *Nymph* whose Beauty charms,
And reel at Night into her Arms.

The E N D.

